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McGill University Gazette.

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Rejected Communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

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Editorials.

THE Session just concluded has been more than usually eventful. We are not thinking of the re-appearance of the *McGill University Gazette* as something remarkable and worthy of being chronicled—not but that the *Gazette* claims to be an item of importance to all connected with the College, flattering itself that it is historic in its little mode and justly entitled to the notice of the future annalist. But we are referring to important changes in the organization of our University, some already completed, others in process of development. The first of these is the alteration of the curriculum in Arts, of which this year's Graduating class is the first fruits. We believe that the best educational tendency of the present day is, in its broader aspects, sound and invigorating. The peculiarities of different minds, whether due to earliest instruction or existing prior to it, deserve recognition and sympathy from those who teach. Up to a certain point the same training may be advantageous for all alike, but, after the general principles of various branches of knowledge have been clearly apprehended by the mass of students, differentiation is not only salutary, but even necessary in order to display in their full strength those mental peculiarities which are strictly individual and which are in varying measure different in all men.

The task of educating may seem to be rendered easier by acknowledging these peculiarities and by giving them scope for exercise, but our eyes should not thereby be blind to the importance of general instruction. Universities in Canada do in sober fact take up the work of the more advanced schools. They must take it up, and continue so to do, until the teaching in those schools has reached a far higher level than it has yet attained: for the accuracy and thoroughness of educational beginnings are well-nigh destroyed by an insatiate desire to impart a little of everything in a hasty and an imperfect way. We are not finding fault with the teachers, but condemning the idea which they do their best to carry into act. Scraps of classical knowledge, of modern literature, of history, of political economy, of philosophy, of mathematics in all its primary branches, of science, or rather of half a dozen sciences, are imposing only in sound but not in substance. We could wish that the range of studies were more limited and framed with a view of bringing forth the best and strongest results from minds that are in their very nature tender and highly plastic; minds often definitely and lastingly moulded by their first contact with knowledge. We could wish also that the examinational spirit to which such instruction panders could be kept in its due and legitimate place and could be regarded simply as a means and not as an end. But narrow school-teaching as we may, it must in contradistinction to the higher parts of University training be general, and advanced University training should be attempted only when some degree of thoroughness in the elements of a liberal education have been ensured; accordingly the work of the first two years in McGill compels the student to devote his energies to acquiring a substratum of general fact. What departments of special study will be most attractive to the larger body of Undergraduates it would be as yet premature to augur; but the principle lately adopted and now in active working is at one with the views of those best qualified to divine the true method of University education, as related to the rapid advance of discovery in almost every branch of knowledge.

We observe, also, that new regulations for the higher degrees in Arts are under consideration. This is as timely as it is wise. Many graduates who own a B.A. degree are loath to proceed further in their course because they feel that the M.A. means little or nothing. This is due to the various methods in which such degree can be obtained. In some Universities, the Scotch for instance, the course in Arts leads to the Master's degree and to nothing else. In the older Universities of England the M.A. is obtained, after an appointed interval, simply by the payment of a fee. In the University of London, specialization of work is the basis on which the Bachelor of Arts attains to higher University distinction, and searching examination is a necessity. But to require a Thesis, and that only, is little better than to confer the degree on the ground of seniority, unless regulations demanding research and elegance of composition are strictly enforced. What shape the deliberations of the Faculty will finally take we do not know, but they

can scarcely fail to better circumstances that are acknowledged to be unsatisfactory.

We have been accused—and the accusation is pleasant—of leading a “crusade” in favour of the admission of women to the educational advantages of the University. But “crusade” is a strong term, for the centres of higher instruction are not now held by intellectual Turks. Those in whose power the future prophecy of the University rests, own that in theory a University is an institution of which all may reap the benefits it alone can bring. They are devising how our limited resources may be made to meet all requirements, and we hope the day is not far distant when the Principal shall have the pleasure of capping that “first lady Graduate” to whom he gracefully alluded at the Graduates’ dinner. But since we are speaking of the future there is one matter that will assert itself. McGill has won wide and lasting fame in the department of Natural Science. Dr. Dawson is one of the most distinguished of scientists; our Redpath Museum has no equal in the Dominion, but we are as yet without a Faculty of Science. If our present limited powers forbid us to entertain the idea of establishing a Faculty of Science, we hope that the need and the wisdom of taking some steps towards this end will be awakened. It is better, we grant, to have no such Faculty than to create one insufficient for thoroughly doing the work it may profess; but strenuous external and internal effort ought to bring about a consummation existing justifiably—and unjustifiably—in almost all Universities which show signs of vitality and ready adaptability to the wants of the age. Our Faculty of Applied Science—the name sounds odd; it is certainly very rare and for aught we know, unique—is in a highly flourishing condition, but we should like to see it and other departments raised to greater dignity and to their true worth, either by the amalgamation of existing interests or by the introduction of elements which shall conduce to completeness and marked success.

An epitome of the changes which have lately been made in the Faculty of Medicine will be found elsewhere in this issue. The Medical Faculty is one of which McGill has always been deservedly proud. Its Professors have from the first been men of energy and great ability, and in many instances have shown that disinterestedness and self-devotion which is happily not rare among those who practise the most humane of all Sciences. The works of those who founded the School do follow them, and worthy successors as well. These are alive to the rapid increase of theoretical and practical knowledge, and conscious that a University must be ready to discern new claims and to meet them in the best possible way, have strengthened an already strong position by the measures they have adopted.

We cannot close these remarks without a reference to the contemplated absence of our Principal. If any man deserves rest from unselfish and incessant labour, he deserves it. We hope that his journeyings will bring him much pleasure and refresh energies that refuse to show signs of flagging while he remains with us. Those to whom his work in the University is to be entrusted during his absence will, we are assured, prove themselves both capable and zealous. We very much regret that a short paragraph regarding his *locum tenentes*, which appeared in our last issue, was entirely without foundation. It crept into our pages as rumours will.

This issue completes the sixth volume of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

Amid many good wishes and not a few prophecies of failure, we last October launched our frail bark on the troubled sea of college journalism. Though the hands that held the tiller were weak and inexperienced they were strengthened, we trust, by love for McGill, and animated by a desire to make the journal worthy of the college of whose views it was the authorized exponent.

To those who have aided us in reviving the GAZETTE and with it, we hope, a taste for journalism among the students, we give our thanks and ask for a continuance of their support, conscious that we have not intentionally done anything to render us unworthy their further confidence.

A college paper affords a means by which the mind may be expanded as nothing else does; and, instead of burying itself in dry-as-dust learning, can have the cheerful satisfaction of communicating its poetic fancies, romantic visions or knowledge to others, and while doing so it improves itself.

We commend these thoughts to our own men, and if it did not seem like an appeal to act on unworthy motives, we might remind them that the facility

in writing acquired by college journalism is the best possible training for the modern system of written examinations.

That McGill does not issue a live, sparkling and clever weekly is her own fault. Many of those to whom we have a right to look for encouragement and support have given but little, forgetting that the passive tolerance of a college journal is worse than a spirited opposition. Let us remind those that an academic journal is, whether justly or not, regarded by many as an index of the intellectual calibre of the college it represents. Therefore, we claim it as the bounden duty of those who will be in the van of Undergraduate thought and influence next session, as well as the college authorities, to give their active co-operation in sustaining and perfecting our college paper.

That our Graduates should aid and encourage us is an essential factor to complete our success; that they have not done so this session is as lamentable as it is true. A lack of interest in the events transpiring every month in and about the college Halls, each should hold so dear, shews a sad want of that true University *esprit de corps* without which a degree only shews that its possessor was incapable of grasping what is meant by a University Education.

For the conduct of the GAZETTE we have not the vanity to claim perfection, but we do claim that while our columns have ever been open as a medium for bringing forward just and reasonable grievances, we have studiously avoided uttering querulous complaints against constituted authority. On our own work, however, let us make no eulogy, but if it has awakened among the men of this University a determination to aid us in the future more than in the past we are content.

We have recently received a copy of the Constitution and By-laws of the Canadian Students’ Club of Edinburgh, which was organized in that city about a year ago. The object of the society is to gather together in a social manner the Canadian students in Edinburgh, and to cultivate a feeling of friendship among them. The advantages of a club like this, especially to Canadians visiting the old country for the first time, cannot be overestimated, and we hope that any of our graduates who may have the good fortune to visit the Scotch capital, will at once enrol themselves as members of the Society. Those wishing for information may address the Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. E. Thomson, B.A., Literary Institute, South Clark Street, Edinburgh.

We have on more than one occasion drawn the attention of Undergraduates to the necessity of forming some kind of Athletic Association in the University, and at one time during the session we hoped to be successful in inaugurating a movement to establish an organization of the kind. Our efforts, however, were unsuccessful and the project was abandoned until some future time. We are now glad to note that at a general meeting of students, held on the 28th of last month, a committee was appointed to have a track laid down round the foot-ball ground. This action was taken in consequence of a proposal by Professor McLeod to superintend the work, and to aid the committee in raising the necessary funds for its completion. The amount which will be required is a mere bagatelle when we consider the great benefit that will accrue from the improvement. We hope that the friends of the University and the friends of manly out-door exercise will liberally help Prof. McLeod and the committee in their efforts to increase the attractions of McGill. We also hope that this may only be the beginning of a series of improvements, which are badly needed, and that the appointment of the present committee will result in the organization of a permanent association such as we have before referred to. The lawn tennis club, too, are working hard to arrange a suitable piece of ground on which they can play in the autumn as well as during the summer. If these two objects are accomplished we shall have made much progress in the matter of our sports.

Of the circumstances which have led to the resignation of Dr. Wright we do not care to speak. That it was inevitable every one felt, that it is sad no one can deny, that it will be beneficial all agree. For the good work which he has done in the college during three and thirty years let us be grateful. After a brilliant college career and a subsequent visit to Europe, he was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy, and Curator of the Museum in 1850. In ’52 he was elevated to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence, and in ’54 to that of Materia Medica. Painstaking as a teacher, impressive as a lecturer, dignified and high principled as a man, he is affectionately remembered by many a McGill man of those days. We call to mind a conversation last summer with a graduate of ’57,

who had entered at a time when Profs. Wright and Howard began their work. Their zeal, energy and influence, he said, still stimulated him, and he would ever be grateful for having been brought in contact with them. There are many such. From 1853 to 1859 Dr. Wright edited with Dr. McCallum the *Medical Chronicle*, in which appear many valuable communications from his pen, as well as able editorials. In the Hospital he was a good clinical Instructor, and an able and dextrous operator.

Since 1875, the date of Dr. Gardner's appointment, no special changes have taken place in the teaching staff of the Medical Department. The resignation of Dr. Craik was followed by the appointment of the Professor of Practical Chemistry. For the vacancies left by the resignation of Drs. Wright and McCallum, the Faculty have, we hear, made the following recommendations: For Materia Medica and Therapeutics, Dr. James Stewart, of Brucefield, Ont. The chair of Midwifery and Diseases of Children, will be divided into one of Midwifery and Diseases of Infants, and one of Gynæcology. For the former Dr. A. A. Browne has been chosen, for the latter Dr. Gardner. Dr. Wilkins, of Bishop's College, has been asked to take Medical Jurisprudence, vacated by Dr. Gardner, and Dr. R. L. MacDonnell will take Hygiene.

In the recommendation of Dr. Stewart, the Faculty have taken a step which augurs well for the future. They have gone outside the city and the Province and have chosen the best man obtainable under the circumstances. Dr. Stewart is an alumnus of McGill ('76), and, though he practises in a small town in Ontario, has the reputation of being one of the best trained physicians in the Dominion. He has spent long periods abroad on three separate occasions, and has been in Vienna for the past seven months. His work and tendencies have been strongly therapeutical, and he has studied in the laboratories of some of the great experimental teachers of this subject. He will be an acquisition to the Profession of the city, and we predict for him a brilliant career in the University.

The establishment of separate chair of Gynæcology will be greeted with satisfaction by all students.

Dr. Gardner has given up general practice, and will be able to devote a large part of his time to the practical teaching of this subject.

Dr. A. A. Browne graduated in Arts in 1866 (Medallist in Literature) and in Medicine in '72. For four years he has been assistant to the Professor of Midwifery, and has taught clinical obstetrics at the Lying-in-Hospital. We believe he has one of the largest practices in the city in his special department. His introduction this summer session of the practical course on Obstetric Operations, has given general satisfaction.

Dr. Wilkins is a graduate of Toronto (M.B. 1866), and has been Professor of Pathology and Physiology in Bishop's College. He has the reputation of being an enthusiastic and able worker, and is one of the ablest microscopists in the country.

Contributions.

(We are not responsible for any opinions expressed in this column.—Eds.)

A FEW WORDS ON ORIGINALITY.

Originality is put prominently forward as the greatest merit in writings of every kind. This is, of course, correct to a certain extent; but, when we come to examine the question closely, it will perhaps appear that authors have at least as frequently erred while engaged in the pursuit of this greatest merit, as when following in the beaten track of thought and discovery.

In the world of science how many a blunder can we trace to this source: how many a vain hypothesis, how many an ill-digested theory! We would assuredly not have people too subservient to opinion, too fond of the wisdom of the ancients, especially when these are possibly opposed to truth. For, thus the world would have lost a Luther, a Galileo, a Bacon, a Kepler, a Newton; superstition and conventionality would still be sitting on their cloudy throne; astronomy and chemistry would be scarcely yet dawning on the distant horizon of knowledge. But the lot of making great discoveries does not fall to everyone, and there can be no greater mistake than to suppose truth can be attained only by perpetually overturning present opinions.

The undue pursuit of originality in literary compositions is apparently less dangerous, but not really so. The blame of many a mistake on this score seems to lie at the door of a certain class of critics. The world begins to tire of reading the oft-repeated complaints made by some on the subject

of plagiarism. It would seem as if they wished to establish a monopoly of ideas and thoughts. The fortunate author who has hit upon one path is to claim it as his own property—to prohibit all others from using it. We need not insist on the ultimate consequences of such a proceeding. What would become of modern poetry if Homer had thus taken out a patent for every simile, and registered every metaphor? The greatest and best of writers would have had no choice but to throw down their pens, and abandon authorship in despair.

Consider the matter as a question of right. Is it not possible that the minds of two people may be similarly constituted and fashioned, at least in many particulars? Are we all to be regarded as so many Chubb's locks, each with his own particular impress, partaking in no respect of the qualities of another? Does each stream flow along always in its separate channel? Is each man surrounded as with a fence of his own peculiarity, caring not for other men, and thinking not with other men? Undoubtedly not. Then, why should we not, in the circle of thought, arrive oftentimes at the same point where others have been before us? The experience of everyone shows that we do. It may be that the process has been the same—or the paths may have been different—as two travellers may arrive at the Indies, though one has pursued his voyage on the pathless ocean; and the other followed the track of the dromedary across the sandy desert. In this case, the innocent and unconscious author is suddenly accused of having pilfered his ideas from an author whom he has never read. If he tries another road to avoid suspicion of the most distant imitation, his studied pursuit of originality may lead him into culpable or absurd eccentricities.

Again, suppose that an author does think fit to avail himself of that which has been suggested by another; may it not rightly belong to the subject of which he is treating, and fitly amalgamate with his own ideas? Or, may he not put the matter in a new light, and bring it out with additional advantage for the use and benefit of mankind? If some such license were not granted, then the works of great authors would in few cases outlive their own era—their expressions would become obsolete—and they would be lost to the world.

It must not be supposed by anyone that we are attempting to apologise in the slightest degree for those literary jackals, every one of whose ideas and sentences is pirated from the brains of others. Such men do not know how to apply, or to improve. If they alter at all, they do but soil that which they touch. But there are others who lay not up their talent in a napkin, but employ it to advantage; and, for the sake of such, for the sake of mankind in general, we would like to see established a republic of ideas—a commonwealth of thought. We would have every author regard his works as a drop in the universal ocean of knowledge—as a mite contributed to that treasury from which every man may borrow, who knows how to use his loan well.

As the subject of originality and the allied topic of borrowing have been frequently discussed by the greatest writers, we may be allowed to quote a few of their opinions. From a host of passages that occur to us, we will cite the words of an American Philosopher—of a German Poet—and of an English Archbishop.

Emerson is, we think, far too outspoken on the subject. Writing of Chaucer, he says: "He steals by this apology—that what he takes has no worth where he finds it, and the greatest where he leaves it. *It has come to be practically a rule in literature, that a man, having once shewn himself capable of original writing, is entitled thenceforth to steal from the writings of others at discretion.*" Thought is the property of him who can entertain it, and of him who can adequately place it. A certain awkwardness marks the use of borrowed thoughts: but, as soon as we have learned what to do with them, they become our own."

Farther on in the same essay, Emerson continues: "It is easy to see that what is best written or done by genius was no one man's work. Our English Bible is a wonderful specimen of the strength and music of the English Language. But it was not made by one man, or at one time; centuries and churches brought it to perfection. There never was a time when there was not some translation existing. The Liturgy, admired for its energy and pathos, is an anthology of the piety of ages and nations, a translation of the prayers and forms of the Catholic Church—these, too, collected in long periods, from the prayers and meditations of every saint all over the world. Grotius makes the like remark in regard to the Lord's Prayer, that the single clauses of which it is composed were already in use in the time of Christ, in the rabbinical forms. He picked out the grains of gold." Witn much more to the same purport, which is well worth reading.

Let us now turn to the witty and satirical Heine. "Nothing," says he, in his *Letters on the French Stage*, "nothing is more foolish than the reproach of plagiarism. There is no sixth commandment in art. The poet is entitled to lay his hands upon whatever material he finds necessary for his work: he may even appropriate whole pillars with their sculptured capitals, if only the temple is magnificent for which he employs them as supports. Goethe well knew this: aye, and Shakespeare himself before him. Nothing can be more absurd than to insist that a poet must find all his materials within himself, and that this *only* is originality. I am reminded of a fable in which the spider conversing with the bee, makes it a reproach against the latter that she collects materials from a thousand flowers for the construction of her honeycomb, and the preparation of her honey. "Whereas I," says the

spider triumphantly, "draw the original threads of my whole web out of my own body."

Lastly, we will give one or two short quotations from Archbishop Trench's *Lectures on Plutarch*:

Writing of Shakespeare's deep indebtedness to the ancient biographer, he says: "I do not think it too much to affirm that Shakespeare's three great Roman plays, reproducing the ancient Roman world as no other modern poetry has ever done—I refer to *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*—would never have existed, or, had Shakespeare lighted by chance on these arguments, would have existed in forms altogether different from those in which they now appear, if Plutarch had not written, and Sir Thomas North, or some other in his place, had not translated. We have in Plutarch not the skeleton or framework of the story, no, nor yet merely the ligaments and the sinews, but very much also of the flesh and blood wherewith these are covered and clothed."

Again: "It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the whole play of *Julius Cæsar*,—and the same holds good of *Coriolanus* no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare has indeed thrown a rich mantle over all, which is often wholly his own; but, of the incident there is almost nothing which he does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North."

In the last passage that we shall quote, the Archbishop gives us his views on originality, which are almost identical with those of Emerson and Heine. "Nowhere," he writes, "does our English poet make any pretence of concealing his obligations to Plutarch: but adopts all, even to the very words of Sir Thomas North, with only such transposition, and alteration as may be necessary to give to them a rhythmical cadence and flow. He is too rich, and too conscious that he is rich, to fear the charge of endeavouring to pass himself off for such by the laying of his hands upon the riches of others. And here, indeed, is what properly determines whether an author should be adjudged by us as a plagiarist or not. The question is not, what he appropriates, but what proportion these appropriations bear to that which he has of his own; whether if these were withdrawn, and resumed by their rightful owners, they would leave him poor. . . . We need not fear to allow Shakespeare to be tried by this rule: and we can only admire that noble confidence in his own resources, which left him free without scruple to adopt, and to turn to his own uses, whatever he anywhere found, which was likely to prove serviceable to the needs of his art."

These quotations from three eminent writers contain ample food for reflection.

College World.

MCGILL.

At a recent meeting of the Medical Association it was resolved on the motion of Mr. W. G. Johnston, seconded by Mr. Gooding, that the order of business henceforth shall consist of reports of cases, medical and surgical, instead of the usual reading. This is a capital idea, as it will largely increase the interest taken in the society by the students. All may not be willing to write a paper but any one can report an interesting medical or surgical case, and air his reading on the subject.

The officers of the Medical Association for the next year are as follows:—President, Dr. J. A. MacDonald; Vice-President, Renner, W. S.; Second Vice-President, Rowell, G. B.; Secretary, Darey, J. H.; Treasurer, Addison, J. L.; Librarian, Elder, J.

Councillors.—Drs. Stephen, G. T. Ross and Mr. McLure; Pathologist, W. G. Johnston.

A meeting of those undergraduates interested in the formation of a Lawn Tennis Club was held on the 25th, inst. After hearing a report of the treasurer of last year the following officers were elected for the coming season:—President, J. R. Murray; Secretary, J. Stirling; Treasurer, J. B. Burland. *Committee*.—W. G. Johnston and D. L. McPherson. It was resolved to make arrangements with the foot-ball club so that the courts could be used in the Fall as well.—Play has commenced.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

FACULTY OF ARTS.

University Examinations—passed for the Degree of B.A.—In Honours.—Alphabetically Arranged.

First Rank.—Barlow, Alfred E., Bland, Charles E., Cameron, John D., Dixon, Wellington., England, Luther M., Lee, Archibald, Murray, J. Ralph, Porter, James A.

Ordinary. [In order of Merit.] [1] McGill College. *Class I*.—Scrimger, Alexander, Greenshields, Robert A. E. *Class II*.—Ross, Lewis E., Dickson, James A.; Kinnear, George, Shearer, William K., equal; O'Halloran, George F., Fraser, William, Hunter, Walter, B.C.L. *Class III*.—Duffett, Henry J., Richardson, Alexander W. [2] Morrin College. *Class I*.—Mackie, John F., Brown, Albert J., Ross, John T. *Class II*.—None. *Class III*.—McLeod, Norman.

PASSED THE INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

[1] McGill College. *Class I*.—McFarlane, James A., Lochhead, William,

Climie, William, Stewart, William G., Martin, J. C., McArthur, Archibald. *Class II*.—McLean, John A., Hargrave, Isaac L., Calder, George F., Ellis, John D., equal; Blair, George A., McLennan, George A., Thompson, G. J. A., MacVicar, J. Harvey. *Class III*.—McLennan, Hugh S., Colquhoun, A. H., Urquhart, Robertson, Philip M., Currie, Walter T., Budden, Hanbury, Currie, Alexander, Osborne, Alfred C., Grant, Andrew S., Higgins, Joseph H., Roberts, W. D. [2] Morrin College. *Class I*.—Laurie, Archibald, Home, W. A., Walters, A. H. *Class II*.—Silver, J. H., Campbell, H. *Class III*.—Ross William C. A. [3] St. Francis College. *Class I*.—None. *Class II*.—None. *Class III*.—Parmelee, George.

BACHELOR OF ARTS PROCEEDING TO THE DEGREE OF M.A. IN COURSE.

Cunningham, Thos. E., B.A., Craig, James A., B.A., Keays, Chas. H., B.A., Newnham, Jarvis A., B.A., Whillans, Robert, B.A.

MASTER OF ARTS PROCEEDING TO THE DEGREE OF LL.D. IN COURSE.

Roy, James, M.A.

ADMITTED "AD EUNDEM GRADUM."

Guignard, J. A., B.A., (University of France.)

COLLEGE EXAMINATIONS. Graduating Class.

B.A. Honours in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Murray, J. Ralph.—First Rank Honours and Anne Molson Gold Medal.

B.A. Honours in Classics. Bland, Chas. E.—First Rank Honours and Henry Chapman Gold Medal. Lee, Archibald.—First Rank Honours.

B.A. Honours in Natural Science. Porter, James A.—First Rank Honours and Logan Gold Medal. Barlow, Alfred E.—First Rank Honours. England, Luther M.—First Rank Honours.

B.A. Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy. Cameron, John D.—First Rank Honours and Prince of Wales Gold Medal.

B.A. Honours in English Language, Literature and History. Dixon, Wellington.—First Rank Honours and Shakespeare Gold Medal.

Special Certificates.—Scrimger, Alexander.—Special Certificate of First Class General Standing. Greenshields, Robert.—Special Certificate of First Class General Standing.

THIRD YEAR.

Mackay, A. A.—First Rank Honours and Prize in Mathematical Physics; First Rank General Standing; Prize in Latin.

Mabin, Jas.—First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Prize; First Rank General Standing; Prize in Zoology; Prize for Collection of Plants.

Rondeau, S.—First Rank Honours in Modern Languages and Prize; First Rank General Standing.

Cameron, K.—First Rank Honours in Natural Science.

Unsworth, J. K.—First Rank Honours in English Literature and History.

Turner, W. H.—First Rank Honours in English Literature and History.

Rogers, George.—Second Rank Honours in Natural Science.

Massé, Godfroi.—First Rank General Standing; Prize in Zoology.

Marceau, Jas.—First Rank General Standing; Prize in French.

Christie, Wm.—First Rank General Standing.

Blackader, E. H.—Prize for Collection of Plants.

Kirkpatrick, R. C.—Prize for Collection of Plants.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

Mackay, Massé, Rondeau, Marceau; Christie and Mabion, equal; Kennedy; Hawthorne and Parent and Unsworth, equal; Wright, Turner, Larivière, Kirkpatrick; Cameron [K.] and Pedley, equal; Blackader, Rogers, Gerrie.

SECOND YEAR.

Climie, William.—[Listowel High School, Ont.]—First Rank Honours and Prize in Mathematics; First Prize in Logic; First Prize in English; First Rank General Standing.

Lochhead, Wm.—[Listowel High School, Ont.]—Second Rank Honours in Mathematics; Second Prize in English; First Rank General Standing.

McFarlane, J. A.—[Portage du Fort School.]—First Rank General Standing; Prize in Hebrew and Stewart Prize in Hebrew.

Stewart, W. G.—[Lachute Collegiate Institute.]—First Rank General Standing; Second Prize in Logic.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

McFarlane, Lochhead, Climie, Stewart, Martin, McArthur, McLean [J. C.] Hargrave; Calder and Ellis, equal; Blair, McLennan, [G. A.], Thompson, MacVicar, McLennan [H. S.], Colquhoun [A. H. U.], Robertson, Currie [A.], Osborne, Currie [W.T.], Budden, Grant, Higgins, Roberts.

THIRD YEAR.

Macdougall, John.—[Huntingdon Academy, Q.]—First Rank Honours and Prize in Mathematics; First Rank General Standing.

Kerry, J. G.—[High School, Montreal.]—First Rank General Standing. Patterson, Wm.—[Huntingdon Academy, Q.]—First Rank General Standing; Prize in Classics.

Livingstone, C. H.—[City Grammar School, St. John, N.B.]—First Rank General Standing; Prize in English; Prize in Chemistry.

Swabey, C.—[St. Peter's School, Charlottetown.]—First Rank General Standing.

McRae, D. N.—[St. Catharines, Ont.]—First Rank General Standing.

Ritchie, P. E.—[High School, Montreal.]—Prize in Classics; Prize in French; Prize in German.

Rochester, W. M.—[Ottawa Collegiate Institute.]—Prize in Classics.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

Kerry, Patterson, Macdougall, Livingstone, Swabey, McRae, Ritchie, Rochester, McQuat, Sparling, Wallace, Clerk, McKerchar, Chalmers, Hibbard, Pedley; Fyles and Stevenson, equal; Thomas, Dewar, Holden, [E. D. F.], Craig, Clements, Dulpé, Sanders. *Aeger*, Evans, [W. H.]

ANNE MOLSON MATHEMATICAL PRIZE.

In September, 1882, the *Anne Molson Mathematical Prize* was awarded, after a special Examination, to J. Ralph Murray [4th Year].

NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY'S PRIZE.

On the merits of an examination held in January, 1883, the New Shakespeare Society's Prize was awarded to Alexander Scrimger [4th Year].

The following is the prize and honour list of the Science Faculty:—

GRADUATING CLASS.

Donaldson Bogart Dowling—Lorne Medal; \$50 exhibition; Leslie Skelton Prize; Certificates of Merit in Applied Mechanics, Designing, Hydraulics, Bridge-Construction, Thermo-Dynamics and the Steam Engine. William Henry Howard—First Rank Honours in Natural Science; Certificate of Merit in Assaying.

Passed the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Applied Science.—Civil Engineering (Advanced course). Donaldson Bogart Dowling.

Civil Engineering (Ordinary course)—In order of Merit.—James McEvoy, Richard F. Smith.

Mining Engineering.—William Henry Howard.

THIRD YEAR.

Cecil Brunswick Smith.—The Scott Exhibition; Mathematical Prize of \$25; Prizes in Mathematics, Experimental Physics, Descriptive Geometry, Surveying, Applied Mechanics and Materials. David Ogilvy—Prizes in Mathematics, Surveying and Geology. William Graham—Prize in Mechanical Work.

Passed the Sessional Examinations.—Civil Engineering (Advanced course).—In order of Merit.—Cecil Brunswick Smith, David Ogilvy, John McDonald. Civil Engineering (Ordinary course).—In order of Merit.—John M. McKenzie, Allan R. Davis, John L. Hislop.—Mechanical Engineering.—In order of Merit.—William Graham, Duncan Donald McTaggart. Mining Engineering.—Joseph Alfred Robert. Practical Chemistry.—Edward Henry Hamilton.

SECOND YEAR.

Hedley Vicars Thompson.—Mathematical Prize of \$25; Prizes in Descriptive Geometry; Surveying, Mechanism and Mathematics. Ernest McCourt Macy.—The Burland Exhibition of \$100; Prizes in Mathematics and Practical Chemistry. Charles William Trenholme.—Prizes in Zoology and Experimental Physics. Samuel Fortier.—Prizes in Materials and French.

Passed the Sessional Examinations.—Civil Engineering.—In order of Merit.—Hedley Vicars Thompson, Samuel Fortier, Samuel Henry Pitcher. Mining Engineering, in order of merit.—Charles William Trenholme, Ernest McCourt Macy, Edward Payson Mathewson.

FIRST YEAR.

Nevil Norton Evans.—Prizes in Mathematics and French. Arthur Weir.—Prize in Chemistry. Walter Frederick Ferrier.—Prizes in Freehand Drawing and Chemistry.

Passed the Sessional Examinations.—In order of Merit.—Nevil Norton Evans, Walter Frederick Ferrier, Arthur Weir, Charles Percy Brown; Geo. Herbert Dawson and Thomas William Watson, equal; Daniel Taylor, Wm. Cyrus Perkins.

PROFESSOR MOYSE'S ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS.

Delivered at the recent Arts Convocation.

I need make no apology for addressing specifically those on whose behalf we have met here to-day. I would it were in my power to say to them something around which pleasant memories might gather, and which might lend an incentive to wise and beneficial work. But I have to make an apology for speaking in a manner free from the formalism with which such addresses as this are associated and in words often very humble and plain. Still I may hope that they will not on this account be less fitting or trustworthy.

Time and circumstance now place you, gentlemen Graduates, at the summit of your academical hopes, but it may be doubted whether any one of you has pondered—perhaps I might well add, has secured leisure to ponder—on the influences which have been modifying your thoughts, modifying them quietly, unobtrusively, yet permanently, during the last four years. Their effect *will* remain, that you must soon learn,—will remain for good or ill, for content or discontent, for praise or blame. You may imagine that days of despondency are far off. You are happy in the consciousness of greater attainments than are won by your fellow-men in the gross, or presuming on your intellectual worth when it shall be brought face to face with the emergencies of practical life, you view to-day your future career with equanimity. And yet if the experience of mankind may be trusted, disappointment in some form or other awaits you. I do not speak of the disappointment which falls to the lot of people in general, but disappointment peculiar to yourselves,—disappointment that others except those situated as you are can scarcely ever know, and can certainly never feel as intensely as can cultured

minds. It may be that you have just studied critically the finer beauties of language—those lights and shades of expression that reveal in all their distinctness and force the choicest passages of classic authors—and lo, when your exultation and banquets are done, you are hurried away to spend your days in teaching the very rudiments of grammar to a wayward and seemingly a thankless class. You may be deeply learned in mathematics or intimately acquainted with the technical minutiae of natural science, but the time is coming to some of you when your energies will be expended in instructing others in the fundamental principles of arithmetic or in brief talk about the merest elements of zoology or botany. And the remarks I made a few moments ago hold good in regard to others whose lives are not to be given up to teaching. These may have taken their degree in Arts to enjoy a more varied mental life, or to be enabled to discuss reasonably and wisely matters of interest to all, or to profit by the status a degree is supposed to confer on those who own it, or simply because its possession is a mark of some culture, or possibly because it will be a valuable addition to studies which are to form the earnest portion of life-work. But two questions will intrude themselves on such among you as have been true and faithful students, whatever your future aim, and these questions will, unless rightly regarded, cause the disappointment already mentioned, especially if your daily toil is severe or distasteful. The first of these—what good is my academical training to me?—demands for the answering more time than is at my disposal now, but the other—how can I keep my old intellectual love alive?—seems appropriate and profitable. The perplexity and despondency it very often causes I once deeply felt, although my life now forbids me to feel it except in a partial, a very limited sense.

There must be some of you that know the keen zest that knowledge pursued for her own sake creates. What matter if Alps arise on Alps? Freed from the trammels of your University course, you will scale those you fancy. No uncongenial subject shall longer compel you to climb its forbidding heights, though you have the best of guides at your service. Rejoicing in your freedom, strong in your intellectual affections, you will wander as you please, and you are planning, some of you, I am sure of it, schemes whereby you will win greater mental vantage, greater mental pleasure. But you will find the hourly task sapping your ambitious resolve: you will, if that resolve is somewhat steadfast, partly gain the ascent and then in a moment of despondency you will turn and gaze on the plain beneath, especially if your path is not an educational one. Down there the every-day folk are hurrying to and fro absorbed in meaner but in needful pursuits, winning wealth, and setting righteous and unrighteous store by it—the majority of them dying in wilful ignorance, sometimes when too late repenting thereof, sometimes not. Your ambition was laudable, but you discover it to be inexpedient, to be harassing. You will go down to them and they will pipe to you on their scannel pipes and you will dance in hollow and unsatisfying mirth. You think I am writing hyperbole, straining facts, trying to indulge in a pretty play of words. Not a whit. Whatever gift of tongue a man may have, however earnest he may be, there is no eloquence, no earnestness which can adequately impress on you the importance of cherishing in some form what you have hardly won. I could, did opportunity allow, read to you words glowing with the fervour of enthusiasm, with the ardency of conviction: words uttered by men of diverse habits of thought, but all bearing witness to that despair which one of our poets in a happy comment calls leaden-eyed—despair begotten of ordinary life—heavy of eyes indeed, tired of head, sick of heart. But by the side of these are other words of thankfulness and of joy because of the soul of goodness that lay beneath evil appearance. How can I keep my old intellectual love alive? Not by falling into the common error of trying to compass vast realms of knowledge as soon as you are thrust out into active life. Keep your ambition by all means. Do not, to use familiar phrase, fling it away even though angels fell by it. But you will have to take to heart the need, the imperative need, and I might say the blessing of daring to be ignorant of some things. Thos. De Quincey, in a little book addressed to a young man who was anxious to improve his education, lays convincing stress on this point. It is simply the old truth, *ars longa vita brevis*, and whether you establish it by mathematical computation, as De Quincey oddly does in one place—showing there how small is the portion of general literature an industrious reader can skim in the course of a long life as compared to the portion unread—and he gives his reader the merit of having conned some 20,000 books—or whether you establish it on a broader and more thoughtful basis, as he elsewhere does—asserting the majority of books to be mere repetitions and *ephemeridae*—the maxim holds good. Be men of few books, I beseech you, though the educationists of these days bid you snatch at every fact, great and small, relative to yourselves or irrelative thereto, or to anybody else for that matter. Knowledge is one thing, fact something vastly different. What you know you feel; it forms a vital part of your being, actuates you from hour to hour; you bring everything to it as to a touchstone: but to be a heartless, unenthusiastic, aimless, chaotic gobbler—excuse the word, gentlemen—gobbler of odds and ends of other people's thoughts is to degrade your noblest faculties and to make yourselves mere machines. There are enough "Bookful blockheads ignorantly read, With loads of learned lumber in their head," to slightly alter a well known couplet from Pope. And whatever your duties in life may be, you can, as a dear and highly-cultured friend of mine once phrased it, "keep one of those great fellows always on the stocks". I need not say who these great fellows are: you have been introduced, not more than

introduced, to some of them since you entered college, but choose the great fellow you prefer and read him reverently—not in the spirit of shallow fault-finding, but as if he had a deeper insight into the complex problems of human actions and passions than you will likely ever have. The most valuable part of the library beneath can be placed on a very few shelves indeed, and you can secure its like with but little expense: but secure it and read it, and if you do not know how to read—for pitifully small is the number of men that are true readers—peruse Ruskin's *Sesame* and *Lilies* or weigh Thomas Carlyle's words on the choice of books.

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede,—

I fancy I hear the critical student exclaim of me. I plead "not guilty," gentlemen, for although I am obliged to read much and quickly, yet I should despond, should doubt if one week found me mentally stronger than the previous: in short—to use a plain Saxon phrase—should not know if I was getting on, unless I kept one of those great fellows on the stocks. The most entertaining man I ever met, one whose memory was marvellous, whose breadth and, as I have since learnt, soundness of view were extraordinary, not less extraordinary than his accuracy in regard to worthful fact, showed me his library—the literary counterpart of Sir Humphrey Davy's scientific laboratory, which consisted of a few pipe stems and bottles, if I mistake not: all these, however, instruments of *mind*, just as may be our more complicated apparatus of this age—and that library consisted of one shelf with about ten authors on it—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Bacon, Descartes, Gibbon, Tennyson, Herbert Spencer. "These books I read," said the owner; "the others I play with: they are but satellites and do my library service." It is profoundly true that the majority of great men, certainly the majority of earnest men, are men of few books. Macaulay's classical training was not of the best at the outset, but you know how famous a scholar he became in later life—and simply by repetition. An author was read and re-read until we find the reader so expert and ready that a year of his reading, reading accomplished under many difficulties, appears hardly credible. Do not, gentlemen, suffer yourselves to accept as gospel what every petty critic and reviewer blatantly asserts. There are reviews and reviews, but leave not refined gold for the course nugget, even if it be that—some of it undoubtedly is, but much of it, alas! is worthless dross. Keep one of those great fellows always on the stocks. Insist on yourself, says Emerson, wisely and well. Do not insist on yourself in print—if you have the knowledge you will be chary of so doing, but insist on yourselves to yourselves. And, again, you know that the function of a University is a *guiding function*; that, and nothing more. You should be enabled to discern the gold I mentioned from dross, or better the wheat from the chaff which is blown about by every little breath. If you cannot do this, lay the fault at our door. Two months of honest reading, be the regular periods very brief, will, if you peruse great thoughts, endow you with the beginning of a library; six months and you have passed beyond and above nine-tenths of the ephemeral publications that discuss the topics you have chosen; ten years and you are an *authority*. You smile, but I am dealing with fact.

Secondly and lastly, and very briefly. However simple and trifling your intellectual work may seem, if you teach, you can do it better from having known its *relations* to other branches of knowledge than it had been done if your views had been circumscribed. These great fellows will not make you narrow, will not make you dissatisfied with, or cut you off from, your age. Wisely and persistently used they will enlarge your sphere of thought. One half of the darkness and bitterness of our day is caused by obliquity of vision. Men have not the courage to face new eventualities; they look at them askance, timorously, instead of regarding them in a charitable way. The master painter can throw life into mathematical perspective, the greatest scientists of to-day have written science for schoolboys in simple and graceful English that has all the interest of a novel. Because they are sages they can be soundly simple. It may require talent, almost genius, to assume the mental attitude of others, but although you have been studying the fine lights and shades of language, Differential Equations, and what not, you may have made yourself, by so much the more, apt instruments as primary instructors. And let me in conclusion quote a few lines from perhaps the most wonderful poem ever written in English; words that I would have you learn by rote and often repeat:—

Who loves not knowledge? Who shall
 rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire:
She sets her forward countenance
And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain,
She cannot fight the fear of death.
What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
All barriers in her onward race

For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,
If all be not in vain; and guide
Her footsteps moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:

For she is earthly of the mind,
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind.

I would the great world grew like thee,
Who grewest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

GENERAL.

The *Princetonian* will become a weekly.

McClure's History of College Journalism is just out.

Six hundred men daily frequent the gymnasium at Harvard.—*Ex.*

Harvard is going to have a new dormitory which will cost \$250,000.—*Ex.*

The average graduate of Ann Arbor spends \$1,750 during the course.—*Ex.*

The term at Oxford and Cambridge is only six months long, the other six being vacation.—*Ex.*

All the English Cabinet save Mr. Chamberlain are University men—seven Oxford, six Cambridge.

There are 145 college Y. M. C. A.'s in the United States, with a membership of over 1,491 students.

At Acadia College a resolution has been passed making the wearing of caps and gowns compulsory.

A college has been opened in Persia, under government protection. The professors are all graduates of European Colleges.

We have not received the "Tech." for about five months. We hope that it will arrive more regularly next year.

The *Harvard Advocate* of March 30th. is almost full of athletics. The remainder of the paper is very light and rather amusing.

The editors of *Astrum Alberti* should keep out of their columns such very poor productions as the article on Evolution which appeared in their April number.

An enquirer wants to know from what aspect the picture on the *Presbyterian College Journal* was taken. We are unable to give him the desired information.

A National Catholic University is about to be established in the vicinity of New York, which the founders intend to make the equal of Yale or Harvard.—*Harvard Herald.*

Mrs. A. T. Stewart is building a new College in New York to cost \$4,000,000. It will be the largest in America, non-sectarian, co-educational, and the expenses will be put at a low figure.

Mr. John W. Garrett's recent arraignment of his fellow trustees of Johns Hopkins University has excited deep interest throughout the country. He charges that they are not carrying out the wishes of the founder with sufficient haste, and that in the location of some buildings they are violating his wishes.

The *Argosy* for March has some creditable reading matter. The paper on Design in Nature is not without merit, but the writer should remember that harmony in nature does not prove design if the phenomena can be simply explained on other grounds. He should study the principle of Natural Adaption.

The endowments and the number of students of some of the principal colleges in the United States are as follows:—Columbia—endowment, \$5,300,000; income, \$281,000; number of students, 1,587. Harvard—endowment, \$903,000; income, \$223,000; number of students, 879. Johns Hopkins—endowment, \$3,500,000; income, \$200,000; number of students, 132. Yale—endowment, \$1,500,000; income, \$187,300; number of students, 656.—*Ex.*

For the college year 1882-83, there were 1,096 students in attendance in the various departments of Yale. In the department of theology, 106; of medicine, 30; of law, 85; of philosophy and arts, 898. This gives a total of 1,119, from which 23 names are to be deducted for double insertion. On the other hand the Harvard catalogue for the same time shows an attendance of 1,657, of which number 27 study theology; 134, law; 229, medicine; and 221 are officers and instructors.

The new Faculty of Law at Dalhousie has been organized. The *Gazette* hopes that the Medical School in Halifax will soon become affiliated with the University, and we can easily understand that such an event would be for the benefit of both. Concentration always leads to increased efficiency. But what Dalhousie is most to be congratulated upon is the recent establishment of two tutorships, one in Mathematics, and one in Classics, of the annual value of \$1,000 each. The establishment of such tutorships is just what is wanted in our Canadian Colleges. We have spoken before on this subject in connection with our own University, and we are still of the opinion that it would serve educational interests more if something were done in this matter of fellowships than if the College were forced into the task of educating women.

The *University Monthly* has started upon the second year of its existence. During the past its condition has been rather unstable, but the editors are apparently starting again with renewed vigour. By the way, we notice a strange proposal in the March number, viz., that proficiency in Biblical knowledge should be required from candidates for B.A. As at the same time the University is to remain non-sectarian, we presume that the *Monthly* recommends a critical study of the Scriptures simply as a masterpiece in literature. It would be interesting to note the result of such a change, not only as far as it affected the feeling of reverence with which the Holy Writ is at present regarded by most students, but also as affording an exemplification of the degree to which Scriptural teaching can be carried without becoming in the slightest degree sectarian. We should rather not try the

experiment ourselves. We notice, too, that the *Monthly* gives a table of mean temperatures for several years. This is a new idea for a college paper.

We have received the following:—*The Harvard Advocate*, *The Acadia Athenæum*, *The Varsity* (2), *St. Mary's Sentinel*, *Queen's College Journal*, *The Argosy*, *The Dartmouth*, *L'Étincelle*, *University Monthly*, *Dalhousie Gazette*, *Trinity Tablet*, *Brockville Recorder*, *Presbyterian College Journal*, *Astrum Alberti*.

Between the Lectures.

Theolog.—What are you pegging at now Smith?

Jones.—[Science Student.] Palæontology.

Theolog.—I didn't know Paley ever wrote on Tology. His Evidences of Christianity is all I ever read.

Among the various other poetic effusions to be noticed this month is the production of a node to his shin by an out-patient of the M. G. H. It is a rash attempt.—*Cui Bono?*

Newspaper people, says an American journal, are proverbially temperate and virtuous. We believe one of the craft did get a "little off" a few weeks ago, and the following is a specimen of his broad sheet as it appeared next day: "Yesterday morning at four A.M., a small man named Jones, Brown or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trousers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. Verdictate to the jury that the diseased come to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six small wives to lament his utimely loss.

PROFESSOR—"Can you conceive of anything as being out of time and still occupying space?" Student—"Yes, sir, a poor singer in a chorus."—*Ex.*

STUDENT [translating]: And—er—then—er—then—er—he—er—went and—er—

The Class laugh.

Professor—Don't laugh, gentlemen; to *err* is human."

Why trenchant slang should we decry?

In its bold diction pray believe.

If Eve had been sufficient "fly"

To say when Satan tempted by:

"Not this Eve—another Eve,"

"Good Eve," would then to her apply.

—*Exonian*.

A PAGE FROM THE CHRONICLES OF THE KINGS OF GILL-COLL.

The following is an exact copy of a document found by Damphino Cook, B.S. $Zn Cl_2 + H_2 S$, the efficient Janitor of McGill Medical College. He found it in some remarkable way; from his own lucid description our reporter concluded it was located in the Tertiary deposit in his bones.

"In those days it came to pass, in the early seed time, nigh on to the Passover, that the king, even the great Drawoh, called together in council the wise men and rulers of Gill-Coll [which being interpreted means the place of skulls]. Now when they were gathered together they hasted and took every man his own garment and put it on his seat under him, for they feared greatly certain of the children of Gill Coll that they should rob them.

"Straightway the scribe, short of stature, but of a mighty understanding, spake unto them saying: 'O wise men, rulers of Gill Coll, some one hath worked a treachery among us and stirred up the people. The tribes who have of late time come among us, even the first and second tribes, young men, children of Gill Coll, are angered and have waxed exceeding wroth; they hiss and gnash their teeth at the doings of the High Priest, neither have his deeds found favor in their eyes. They have written unto us even a second time saying: Thy servant, the High Priest, is well stricken in years, he waxeth old as doth a garment. He sayeth those things he ought not to say, neither sayeth he those things he should say. He has told us many things concerning herbs, yea, and of the Oxalate which is of Cerium, whereof forsooth, we must take a little for our stomach's sake when we go down to the sea in ships. He hath filled us with bitterness and gall, he hath made us drunken with wormwood. Howbeit for many years he hath told us no new thing.

"Moreover, because of the provocation he hath provoked them withal, the rebellious children have this day sent abroad a proclamation, about the time of the going down of the sun, saying, every man to his city and each man to his own tent."

"And behold when the scribe had made an end of speaking straightway there was with them a hairy man girded with a girdle of leather about his loins. Straightway the king spake unto him saying, 'What doest thou here?' But he settled his countenance steadfastly and answered him not, but hasted and took charcoal away from before his face, and the king discerned him that he was one of the rulers.

"After these things were accomplished straightway the king repaired to his chamber and rent his clothes and came forth and spake to the rulers of Gill-Coll, and prophesied unto them saying: 'Listen, ye rulers, and hearken ye people of Gill Coll: Lo there shall come a blast upon this High Priest, he shall hear a rumor, and he shall return to his own tent, and we shall cause him to fall by his own hand—Selah.

'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree, for behold there shall come from a far field one who has been a faithful *steward* over a few things, and now shall he be ruler over many things.

'There shall be two grinding at the class, one shall be taken and the other left. Rejoice ye children of Gill-Coll! From among the dead shall pass out one that shall charge ye that ye eat not of that which is accounted common or unclean, and shall teach ye to avoid the pestilence which walketh in darkness. In those days it shall come to pass that he that sitteth among you, swept and garnished like unto an ancient bridegroom, shall be gone from among you, and the place that knew him shall know him no more forever, for behold on his throne shall sit two of the best and meetest of your children, and they shall part between them the spoils thereof, and ye shall give ear unto them.'

"Howl, O ye children of Boshshop, for behold a giant shall go out from among you, and ye shall be left desolate."

Now, while he yet spake there entered unto them one well stricken in years, small of stature, and clad in the garb of a stripling, and behold it was the eleventh hour for he had tarried by the way.

And the rest of the acts of the kings of Gill-Coll, and all that they did not, are they not written in the Books of the chronicles of the kings of Gill Coll?"

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPPYS, ESQ. WHILE AN UNDERGRADUATE AT CAMBRIDGE.

April 7th.—This day a feast given by the Master and Fellows to the Undergraduates. Very handsome, and extraordinary good cheer. Turtle soup and various kinds of fish; venison and other excellent meats; game and wildfowl a great store; sweets in the modish French fashion, and kickshaws; huge loving-cups filled with rare and toothsome drinks; liquor of all kinds, more than enough; quarter casks of port and sherry ordered for the occasion; incomparable good claret, and champagne no end.*

9th.—Busy all the morning investigating a case of continued fractions among my cups and saucers. My junior bedmaker says they were broke "afore she come;" but I fear me much that, as hath been well said, "it is not contrary to experience that witness may be false."†

15th.—To the Botanical Gardens, where I saw great variety of wildfowl which I never saw before; but that which I went chiefly to see was the young ladies of the school, whereof there is great store, very pretty. Mighty busy all the morning lying on the grass reading of a novell. Came and sat near me two young ladies with books in their hands, one of whom I approve to be very handsome, and began talking with great propriety of speech, in the most engaging manner possible; but I took no notice of, nor even so much as looked at them; so presently they away.

17th. (Lord's Day).—Minded to go to Great St. Mary's to hear the sermon; but went to the Backs instead, where lay on the grass thinking for more than two hours, to my great content.

30th.—Played in our Second Eleven against the Trinity First; but, as luck would have it, bowled the first ball both innings, and made two ducks. Ca'ched a ball bravely at long leg, with great applause of all in the tent who mightily cheered me.

In the evening to Newton's to sup, where excellent discourse; among the rest John Milton and Duns Scotus, a grave fine gentleman.‡ Mighty merry doing of Algebra, and other things the like divertising; but what most extraordinary clever was some Mathematical proofs§ Newton shewed

* A good example of the hospitality of our ancestors, and one worthy of imitation in the present day.—*Ed.*

† May we not infer here, from the language employed by our author, that he was at this period engaged in reading for his 'Little-Go'?

‡ It has been again objected to here, that Pepys could not by any possibility have met Duns Scotus, since the latter was a philosopher who lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, while Pepys was not even born till the seventeenth. This is cavilling. Read our author in a calm, dispassionate, and impartial spirit, and we venture to assert that not a single instance of wilful misrepresentation will be found in his pages. Duns Scotus is indeed reported to have flourished in the above-named centuries; but his every action, nay, his whole life is shrouded in mystery, and we may shrewdly question the fact of his existence at all! Napoleon Bonaparte has been proved in the most conclusive manner to be a mythical personage; and if Bonaparte, why not Duns Scotus? It may be urged that this is not to the point; that were this the case, yet our author's reputation for veracity would still be liable to be impugned. This is entirely a mistake. We do not dispute the existence of a Duns Scotus, but of the Duns Scotus. The use of the indefinite instead of the definite article clears up the mystery. How quickly difficulties vanish when we apply a little common sense!

§ We gather from authentic sources that the following is one of the proofs referred to by our author. We give it in the words of Newton.—*Ed.*

To prove that 10 is even. "The number 10 being the radix of the common scale of notation, it is of the utmost importance that we should satisfy our minds fully as to whether it is odd or even. It has been suggested that the simplest mode of proceeding would be to divide 10 by 2, observing whether there be any, and if any, what remainder. It will, however, appear evident to every true mathematical mind that the annexed proof has far superior claims to our consideration.

We have

.. by subtraction

Again, we have

But by (1)

.. subtracting again

6= SIX

9= IX;

—3=S... (1).

7=SEVEN:

—3=S;

10 is EVEN.

Q.E.D.

me, which I did not know before, and indeed they talk for him to be Senior Wrangler; and I think he will, for he is a man of parts though superficial. He told us of a certain project of his about an apple and the earth; very ingenious, but too refined to be true.

May 6th.—Up and so to bed.*

10th.—Came to me W. Batten, and did much commend the new novell which all the world cry up, called "The Man without a Head;" and persuaded me to buy it, which I did, but thought it a poor simple piece, with but two murders and one suicide, and no elopements or running away with men's wives in the whole book. It is set down to the same hand that writ "No Bones Broken," and "The Deuce of Trumps," with what truth I know not.

In the afternoon to Fenner's, to see a match at cricket between the Hyperbolas and Parabolas, but methought mighty slowe for them that looked on; so to the river, where it was pretty to observe a Trinity Hall eight upset by a funny near the bridge, and Lord, how like drowned rats the men seemed when they got out of the water!

16th.—To the eight-oar races; and we have great hopes to be head of the river. What a press of people on the bank! And I had liked to have been pushed into the river, and saw but little after all, and only one bump though there were several made. Very hoarse shouting "Well rowed," "Now you're gaining," "Pick her up," "NOW!!!" I would have run the whole course, but could not for the crowd and for want of breath. Walked not back, but by barge, where a shrewd fellow sang many diverting songs without any musique; prickt and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably.

21st.—To the boats again, this being the last day of the races. To 'Grassy' where many fine carriages, but fewer running than on the other side. Comes to me John Doe, a good right honest man, but his red nose makes me ashamed to be seen with him, so cast about how to get rid of him, which I did by making as if I would speak with one on horse-back.

Presently come the boats: Downing first, but sore pressed by Magdalene, and put hard to get to Grassy, where we bumped them, with much applause of all, and to my especial content, for I gain near five shillings, for which my heart was glad and blessed God.

The order of the boats now stands thus: Magdalene, Downing, Catharine, Clare. What comes next I forget, but I think Pembroke.

In the evening to me W. Hewer, and tells me of the newe book he has mind to write, entitled "Phrenology or the Study of Bumps, with special reference to the Head of the River," which is a most excellent piece to my thinking.

17th.—By nine of the clock to the boat supper, which was indeed a noble supper and in great state and fashion, and incomparable good punch. Mighty merry singing of shongs, speshally, 'For he's a jolly go flo, with a hic—hooray'—I shay, olflo, you're schrewed—it's a way we have in the 'Varsity—Letsh sing a shong—call Hic—hooray again again Hoo—Come brekfhus me morrer? Detsch alone, I'm alri, olflo—Hooray for fusbo—three cheers ladish hic ***** [The MS. is so confused at this point as to be totally unintelligible.—Ed.]

24th.—4.30 P.M. Brandy and soda water.†

* "Up and so to bed." This passage has given much trouble to commentators. Without offering any decided opinion of our own as to its meaning, we append the remarks of several learned critics.—Ed.

† "Up and so to bed." The meaning of these words is perfectly clear if they be but correctly written. Pepys has omitted four letters, an s before 'up,' and p, e, d after. Supplying these we get, 'supped and so to bed,' which makes the passage as clear as the day. What more natural or more usual than to go to bed after supper?—SMITH.

Upon this another commentator remarks: "A most preposterous idea, worthy of the carping spirit and shallow intellect of a Smith. 'Supped and so to bed'! Can any one acquainted with the simple but beautiful language of our Author suppose for a moment that he could have written such utter nonsense? The evident reading is 'up and soon to bed,' meaning merely that, wearied with a more than ordinary consumption of the midnight oil, Pepys had sought his couch at an earlier hour than usual. By distorting, as most commentators do this beautiful passage, the excellent example set by our Author to the students of this University is entirely lost."—JONES.

"Up and so to bed." These words present a notable instance of that covert satire of which Pepys is so great a master. Do we not at once see that by this simple entry Pepys would express in graphic language the barrenness of the day in matters worthy of note? The only events therefore which he thinks necessary to record are his rising from, and his retiring to rest.—BROWN.

"Why should the plain sense of this passage be disguised by the shallow suggestions of empty-brained commentators? The words as they stand in the text are of themselves amply sufficient to express the writer's meaning. How could any one go to bed without having previously got up?"—ROBINSON.

† A sad spectacle, alas! of human infirmity. How should we rejoice that the enlightenment of the present age effectually checks those degrading spectacles, with which, we fear, the eyes of our ancestors were but too familiar.—Ed.

Personals.

C. E. Cameron, M.D. is pursuing his medical studies in London, Eng. McGill's reputation will not suffer with Cameron as her representative.

It is with great regret we have to announce the serious illness of our popular lecturer in anatomy, Dr. Scott.

Dr. Maher is practising in New York City. We wish him every success.

Mr. Wyatt Johnston has been on the shelf lately with a very bad optic. All Iritis this.

Good Students are always welcome at McGill. We are glad to see among us from the Kingston Medical School, Messrs. Cunningham, Webster and Daley for the summer session.

W. E. Dickson, '83, late President of the Undergraduates, Law Faculty, has been suffering during the past month from a severe attack of Typhoid fever. We learn that he is now slowly recovering, and we hope to see him soon entirely restored.

W. Dixon, B. A., '83, has received a temporary appointment as Headmaster of one of the city schools.

Correspondence.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the MCGILL UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

SIR,

I should like the Undergraduates in Arts to carry home with them a reminder of the work and uses of our Literary Society. It is to be regretted that we have to acknowledge a want of support on the part of students in the younger years towards this valuable institution. Formed at the beginning of the session 1880-1881, by the students of the then Sophomore year, it included, this session, for the first time the whole four years. The class which formed it and which has so faithfully and energetically carried on its work, is now graduating. In these members we lose not only the founders of the Society but also some of our best debating talent. How suggestive are the names of Murray, Shearer, Greenshields, Hunter and England, of the eloquent debates of the session 80-81, when the Pacific Railway contract, the new Government's policy, and many other "live" questions were animatedly discussed! New men have come to the front and show themselves well able to sustain the reputation of the Society, but there is one draw-back which needs remedy. It is absolutely necessary that members should agree to give a certain amount of time to prepare their debates, until they have reached that stage when thought and speech flow quickly and smoothly. The success of our meetings during the past session was marred by the evident and persistent lack of preparation on the part of the appointed speakers in the debates, and the Society suffered through a diminished attendance at its meetings and also in other respects. Yet to show that the students still held the Society in direct remembrance and that it was only the unattractive reputation the debates had acquired which kept them from attending, a lecture by Professor Murray drew a large and enthusiastic audience. Dr. Murray's recommendation increased the interest in the Society, but the excellence in the programme not being always sustained (through no fault of the committee I feel bound to state), the meetings toward the close of the session were highly unsatisfactory. But harping upon these now old grievances will not mend matters, and my object is simply to urge the three college years to make up their minds to give the Literary Society next session that measure of their attention which it deserves. There is only needed such a resolution on all our parts to establish the Society next session upon a really solid basis. We can then undertake to invite the new Freshmen into a good training school for public speaking,—this leaving no doubt that this truly useful work will be carried on after we join the "noble army of graduates." I hope the Arts' students will take all this in good part. It is from one who, though never an officer of the Society, has endeavoured to the best of his humble ability to contribute to its success, and can cheerfully bear witness to the unflagging interest which its officers from first to last have manifested in its welfare. The only thing now needed to attain success is general support from the students.

A. H. U. C.

Poetry.

TO A FLOWER.

(From Alfred De Musset.)

Tell me thy meaning, floweret dear,	And does thy fragrance breathe a hint?
Thou flagrant, charming souvenir;	
Whose gift art thou, sweet violet,	Fair messenger! if this be so,
That seem'st half-dying, half-coquette?	Mysterious herald, whisper low:
	If thou hast nothing to confide,
	Rest in my bosom, like a bride,
Securely guarded by a seal,	
Hast thou long travels to reveal?	But, if I err not, in the grace
Tell me some tidings of the maid	Of this momento I can trace
Who plucked thee from thy modest shade,	The tenderly capricious hand,
	That tied my blossoms in a band,
Canst thou be nothing but a flower	
Enshrouded for the final hour?	'Tis soft and white of beauty rare,—
Or does thy heart some secret hold,	The sculptor's envy and despair—
That ere thou diest must be told?	And he who wins it will have won
	The daintiest prize beneath the sun.
Thy blossoms, stainless as the light	
Or childhood's innocence, are white:	But, since her coy reserve would blush
Thy tender leaflets, moist with dew,	To hear my praise, dear floweret, hush!
Of trembling hope still wear the hue.	Breathe not her name! Enough 'twould
	seem
Hast thou no mission to complete?	Of loveliness like hers to dream.
Speak—I am silent and discreet—	Montreal.
Is there a meaning in thy tint,	GEO. MURRAY.

PERHAPS?

(From the French of Gustave Nadaud.)

Oh horse! To horse! I mount with speed,
For we must travel far, my steed,
To find repose:
Thy master's brain is crazed with care,
And we must gallop apace, but where?
Who knows?

Oh! how that golden-haired coquette
Dreamed she had caught me in the net
Of her disdain!
The Siren is so fair, so cold,
That the same kingdom cannot hold
Us twain.

Around her castle-walls each day,
My steed and I with spirits gay
Were wont to roam:
Yon path, familiar grown to each,
We now must shun, or we should reach
Her home.

Those faithless gods to which I bowed,
Her charms that lured me made her
proud,
Her hair, her eyes
Blue as the cloudless heaven above,
Her lips, that seemed to breathe of love
In sighs.

At length, my heart hath burst its chain,
And, as my freedom I regain,
I curse her pride,
And to my lips, that day by day

Murmured "I love thee," now I say,
"Ye lied."

Shame on the wayward, heartless elf,
Who will not tenderly herself
My passion share,
But jealously refuses still
To let me wander at my will
Elsewhere!

On, on my steed! 'tis just the hour,
That, in the gloaming, to her bower
Her slave would bring:
Now from the hateful sport I fly,
And with no tear-drop in my eye,
I sing.

But what is here? The velvet lawn,
Her home, amid the shade withdrawn—
It must be so—
O thoughtless man! O heedless brute!
That failed to recognize which route
To go!

Turn back! but no—stand still! for she
Is smiling at the casement—see
Her finger-tips!
"Twere churlish not to say "Good-bye!"
When daylight dawns, my steed and I
Afar from Circe's bower will fly,

PERHAPS?

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

List of New Books Received.

(From 22nd March, 1883.)

Schlegel—Physionomie des Serpens.
Bovey [H. T.] Applied Mechanics. Vol. I.
Burnside & Panton.—The Theory of Equations.
Hasham & Edwards.—Conic Sections.
Poole.—Index to Periodical Literature. Brought down to January, 1882.
Canada.—Report of Chief Engineer on Canals, 1880.
Bentham [Jeremy], The Works of. 22 Volumes.
Bow.—Economics of Construction as applied to frame work.
Bailes.—Students' Guide to Coal and Metal Mining.
Quebec.—Sessional Papers, 1881-82 Vol. XV. No. 2.
Do. Report of Superintendent of Education for 1881-82.
United States.—Professional Papers for 1873.
Encyclopædia Britannica. Vol. XV.
Penleux.—Le Constructeur.
United States Coast and Geodetic Survey for 1880.
Library, 23rd April, 1883.

M. WILLIAMS TAYLOR.

Asst.-Librarian.

Besides the above, two hundred volumes have been presented by the
McGill Book Club during the month.

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Proprietors by the GAZETTE Printing Company, Montreal, at their Office,
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